

# Ghost Ship Beckoning with Sigil on Sail

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Galleons gleaming in the moon with the  
threat and promise of the sun:  
such silvery sheen encrusted, pearl on everything.  
These fingers lost to time and salt.  
My reach is cursed, my grasp condemned.  
Why do they come for me?  
What adventure calls my name?  
What compass and astrolabe are these that  
measure the dimensions I don't know  
that navigate by meter and borealis,  
by corona and aurora and moon's milk?  
Will I sink when I take a step and descend?  
Will the shark's teeth be swift?  
Will I sink breathless, forever and longing  
to scream the life in my lungs to saline?  
I will rise in a cave studded by coral and stone,  
by calcite and crystal precipitating, lit  
by monkfish, and by vampire squid, by tendril flowers  
unfurling their tentacles to herald my homecoming,  
a path along the hidden channel until my bones  
give way to all the other wreckage  
of human ambition? Salt and stone and clay.  
Water, taking back the coin with waves of savor  
and sea brine, with cold and currents, silently shifting.  
A forgotten masthead bears the remnants of my face,  
desiccated despite the wish of horizon,  
netted in a darkness suspended in the tides of time.



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